



J. M. FERRES, EDITOR.

Let Justice preside and Candour investigate.

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MISCELLANY.

THE BETROTHED.

'I never heard of any true affection, but was nipped With care, that, like the caterpillar, eats The leaves of spring's sweetest book—the rose.'

'Lucy! Lucy dear! do come down, if it is only for a minute! I have something very particular to say to you,' but Lucy made no reply. 'Lucy Morgan, Lucy dear—it is I—Cynric Owen.' He threw a pebble at the window; and, presently, it was gently opened, and the figure of a young girl appeared, gazing cautiously around. 'My dear Lucy, can't you come down to me?' exclaimed Cynric, as his dark eyes sparkled in the moonlight with joy at the sight of his cousin.

'Gracious heaven—Cynric! is it you? In the name of all that is rash, what has brought you here?'

'What should bring me here but my true love for you, Lucy? But come down, and I will tell you all.'

Lucy hesitated a moment before she consented; but she *did* consent; for, altho' she well knew that her cousin Cynric was one of the wildest lads on the hill side, she knew also that he loved her with all the warmth and sincerity of his impetuous spirit; and, notwithstanding all his errors, her heart told her too truly that she loved him as fervently. So, throwing a cloak over her dress, she joined her impatient lover.

It was a beautiful night; and of that sweet season when twilight has scarcely merged into darkness before day begins to dawn. It was not yet ten o'clock, for Pryce Morgan, Lucy's father, was an utter enemy to any innovation upon the usages of his ancestors; and as the sun rose scarcely earlier than he did, so did the God of day descend not into the sea long before our Welsh squire retired to his dormitory. This, Cynric was well aware of; & he knew that his uncle was now soundly wrapped in sleep.

Lucy was the first to speak—'For heaven's sake, Cynric, why do you run this risk, when you know that there is a warrant out against you for that affair at Duffryn? Indeed, indeed you are too venturesome.'

'Never mind, Lucy; so that I see you, and press this kiss upon those sweet lips, I care not much about the risk. And how have you been, dear, and how is my worthy kinsman, your father?'

'We have been but sadly, Cynric—all of us. My father grieves deeply about you, and seldom goes out now.'

'Grieves about me, Lucy! Oh, no! he who has injured me so deeply, cannot care much about the welfare of his victim.'

'You do him wrong, Cynric, indeed you do. My father always loved you as a son, would that I had only loved you as a brother! It was your own impetuous, ungovernable spirit that brought this evil on you and us. Oh, Cynric! I wish we had never known each other! and Lucy's tears fell fast, as she hung weeping on her cousin's shoulder.

Cynric bit his lips as he endeavored to restrain one of those ungovernable gusts of passion, which so often possessed him. 'This is no time for reproach or explanation, Lucy,' he muttered; 'I came here, and now his voice was loud and hurried, 'to tell you, that I love you better than ever; and by heaven I swear—'

'Swear nothing now, Cynric!' interrupted Lucy, exceedingly alarmed at the vehemence of her lover. Remember that I am here alone with you against my father's express commands; and at an hour when I ought to be in my chamber. If you do, indeed, love me, be calm I beseech you, Cynric.'

'I will, dearest, I will; I am a fool, Lucy, a mad-brained, thoughtless fool! But you must promise me one thing, that you will give me a meeting to-morrow evening at dusk, at Lowry Pugh's cottage.'

'I do promise,' was Lucy's faint answer. 'And that you will come alone?'

'I will.'

'Then, for the present, farewell! and may God shield you from all sorrow.'

'May he shield you, Cynric, from all harm; farewell!' and so saying, the lovers kissed each other, and Lucy entered the house, while Cynric stood gazing eagerly and anxiously at her chamber window, till he saw by her shadow passing between it, and the light of her candle, that she had safely reached her apartment. He murmured a short prayer for her happiness, & then bent his steps towards a lofty ridge of hills, that skirted the horizon from east to west, lying on the face of the green earth, like a huge land-leviathan.

The situation of Cynric Owen was unfortunate in every respect; and the shadow of a hard and evil destiny had shrouded him even from his cradle. Born of a wid-

owed mother, who had offended her kindred by marrying a profligate young man, he came into the world, unwelcomed by those glad festivities, which commonly ushered in the birth of his kindred. On the contrary, he was received by his broken hearted and discarded mother with tears and with bewailings; for what comfort had she in the birth of such a babe? and five years afterwards, when the hand of death was upon her, the bitterness of the last hour was poignantly sharpened by the conviction that her infant son was to be thrown upon the cold charity of unkind kindred. But there was one amongst her numerous stock of uncles, aunts, and cousins, who was possessed of that infirmity—a kind & compassionate heart; and, while he soothed the agony of her dying hour, he still farther comforted the poor widow by promising to protect her child. This was her cousin Pryce Morgan, who took home the boy, a mischievous urchin of five years old.

Pryce Morgan was himself a widower, with one child, and that a daughter. He had loved his wife so dearly, that her death, while yet in the full fragrance of youth & loveliness, rendered him morose, irritable, and unhappy. Thus constituted, he was of all persons, the most unfit to rear so wayward and unbending a spirit as Cynric Owen's. It required infinitely more skill and patience than the squire possessed, to bring into proper subjugation and control the fierce will of his kinsman; and, from the very moment of his domestication at Garthmeilan, his impulses were left to take their course, not uncontrolled entirely, it is true, but controlled in such a manner as to render their possessor only more vehement, wild, and impatient of correction.

As Cynric approached towards manhood his disposition assumed a more determined character, and his manners a more decided tone. Impetuous as the mountain torrent, and swift in resolution as its flashing waters: his purposes were executed without a single reflection as to their expediency or consequences. 'Uncle,' he would say to his guardian, 'I am going to Chester fair to-morrow. I know that the snow is deep in the valleys, and that the road is pathless and perilous: but I have promised Lucy a fairing, my word is pledged to it, and I must go.' And before he was sixteen years old he had ventured forth from the middle of Merioneth-shire on horseback to Chester, in the depth of winter, and in such weather, as the boldest shepherd dared not encounter. It was useless and worse than useless, to remonstrate with him, and so his kinsman never attempted it, and he was permitted to do as he pleased, unchided, and often unquestioned.

One being, one gentle being, there was at Garthmeilan, who could assuage the fierce passion of Cynric Owen, sometimes even in its hottest moments. Need I add that Lucy Morgan was that gentle being? With a beauty more winning than commanding, more confiding than imposing, and with a disposition so sweet and gentle, yet resolute enough upon occasion, Lucy presented a direct contrast to her cousin. Yet was she, of all persons, the best calculated to manage him; and often, when his soul was fearfully shaken by the ungovernable mastery of his stormy feelings, has she soothed him even to tears: but even she could not always succeed in allaying the fury of his passion, which burst forth like a mountain flood crushing, and overwhelming, and scattering abroad every obstacle opposed to its vehemence.

These natural evils were in some degree neutralized by acquirements of a character well suited to his rank, but capable of misuse and misdirection. Those manly accomplishments which become the mountaineer, and which constitute so considerable a portion of his pastime, were by Cynric Owen exercised only among persons of low condition at the fairs and wakes about the country. With such associates, it is true, he reigned paramount; and while their adulation flattered his vanity, their servile submission accorded well with that love of mastery, which so materially governed his conduct.

It was at one of these meetings at a fair in Duffryn, a secluded mountain district, beyond Barmouth, that the 'unfortunate affair,' alluded to by Lucy, took place. During a wrestling match between Cynric's party, and some mountaineers from Caernarvonshire, a dispute arose as to the fairness of one of the throws. Words grew high, as they always do when Welshmen quarrel, and each party became more strenuous in maintaining its point. From words the transition was easy enough to blows, and before the fray ended, one of the Caernarvonshire men was knocked on the head and killed. It was said that the blow was given by Cynric; at all events, he, as the leader, and most important person of the party, was fixed upon as the

offender, and a warrant had been issued for his apprehension. Since this event he had not been at Garthmeilan since the night we have mentioned; and Mr. Morgan and Lucy were much alarmed at his absence, as they had been fully apprized of the transaction. They concluded, however, that he was concealed somewhere up in the mountains; but they had in vain endeavored to discover his retreat, as none of his associates knew any thing about it.

Faithful to her promise, and full of agitation, Lucy at the appointed hour, sought Lowry Pugh's cottage. Lowry was one of those aged pensioners, who are to be found attached to the demesne of every Welsh squire; her best days had been spent in the service of the family; and her old age was now petted and protected by its members, in return for the fidelity of her attachment. The old woman now more than 'threescore and ten,' was very comfortable, and all that she wanted, she said was to see her dear Miss Lucy happily married. Lately Lucy had spent a good deal of her time at old Lowry's cottage; for she had made the old woman a confidant respecting that which, by the way, every one about the house sufficiently knew, namely, her love for Cynric; and she delighted to talk of him, especially now that his fate was so uncertain and overshadowed. It was, therefore, no cause of alarm to Lowry to see Lucy enter her humble dwelling after sunset; although her agitation on the present occasion did not long escape her notice. 'Dear child,' said the old woman, 'you are not well; tell me, what is the matter?'

'I have seen him, Lowry,' murmured poor Lucy; 'and he will be here to-night.'

'Here!' echoed the old woman, 'here, then he is safe! But when did you see him?'

Lucy told the old woman the adventure of the night before; and she had scarcely concluded, before the door of the cottage was darkened by a shadow, and the next moment Cynric sprang into the apartment. 'It is very kind of you, dear, to keep your promise with me,' said he, as he pressed her to his heart. 'It is not every one that would have been so mindful of me in my trouble.'

'It is not every one that loves you as I do, Cynric. But tell me, for heaven's sake tell me, where have you been since you left us?'

'Hiding among the hills, love, and often, Lucy, nearer you than you supposed.'

'But how have you subsisted?'

'I am not without friends, and they feed me.'

'I fear, Cynric, that those friends, as you call them, would lead you into deeper guilt. These arms, glancing with a shudder at the pistols in Cynric's belt, 'are for purposes of further outrage; and with your hot blood and daring spirit are doubly dangerous.'

'Guilt!' said you, Lucy—'guilt.' I am not guilty. Foolish I have been, hot and headstrong I have been; but, by heavens, I am not guilty!'

'Speak those words again, Cynric—say them again!' hurriedly exclaimed Lucy, as her eyes beamed with transitory delight. Oh! how I have sorrowed and suffered, Cynric, when I thought that your hand was stained with the blood of a murdered man; and that the doom of a murderer was hanging over you. Why—oh! why did you not tell us this before?'

'I did not think that you, Lucy, would believe every idle tale that the wind might blow to your ears; and I did think that you knew me better than to suppose me guilty of such a crime. I was, it is true, engaged in the fray, but the fool fell not by my hand.'

'Then why not return to us? My father has some influence with the magistrates, and you, at least, might be cleared of the crime. Come back to us, dear Cynric—return with me to-night, even now!'

'To-night, Lucy, I did you say to-night, and now?' He rose from his seat, and paced the floor in a fit of gloomy abstraction. Suddenly he started, as if from a dream, and exclaimed, while his eyes flashed fire, 'No, Lucy, no! I will not return. To exculpate myself I must criminate others. I must turn informer and betray my friends, those friends who have succoured and shielded me. Chance has fixed this crime upon me: and I will not by accusing others clear myself—I will die rather.'

'You say you love me, Cynric,' said Lucy, mildly, 'and you have often said you prize my love. For my sake then—for her sake, who has loved you through all the changes of your wayward spirit, and who loves you still—God knows how fondly I cast off this foul blot upon your character, clear yourself of this dreadful charge, and we shall all be happy again.'

'You know not what you ask, Lucy—I cannot, I dare not clear myself.'

'You dare not, Cynric! You, who have dared so much! Alas! you must be leagued with fearful men, if such a feeling holds you from the truth.'

'Urge me no more, Lucy—as you value my existence, urge me no more.' He paced the cottage hurriedly, with flashing eyes and folded arms. Then suddenly gazing out upon the hills, he continued—'the evening star has risen, and shines over the Cribyn. I must leave you, and that instantly.'

'Leave me, Cynric—and so soon! cruel, cruel, Cynric!' and poor Lucy sank sobbing upon old Lowry's neck.

Cynric was fearfully—terribly agitated; and his dark eye, restless even in his calmer mood, was now darting fire, as his proud heart was torn by the conflicting emotions, which filled his breast. There was his love for Lucy on the one hand, and on the other, his duty to those who had shielded him from peril.

'It cannot be, Lucy...it must not be,' he muttered. 'Another time, perhaps, I may,—I will grant your request; but to-night...it is impossible.'

'I did not expect this from you, Cynric,' said Lucy, as rising from her weeping posture, she assumed an air of offended dignity. 'Had I urged you to the commission of some deed of darkness, I might have better borne your refusal, but to deny me this argues little for your love.'

Lucy had touched the most sensitive string of Cynric's proud, unbending heart. To be suspected of not loving her with all the enduring fervour and undiminished constancy, of which his ardent nature was capable—and by herself too—was a stab—that made him writhe with agony.

'Love you, Lucy!'—he burst out. 'You know I love you—deeply—fondly—daringly love you! And I swear that no peril or pain, no joy or woe, shall ever change that love! And, now, reproachful girl!...swear you the same to me. Swear—that whatever may be my fate you will be mine, mine only, and mine for ever!'

Lucy trembled before her agitated lover, and fearful of adding to his agitation, she murmured, as she sunk once more upon old Lowry's bosom, 'I do swear, Cynric; I do swear.'

BETROTHING!

Cynric raised her from her drooping posture, and, clasping her in his arms, kissed her again and again, as he called her his own Lucy, his beloved, his betrothed Lucy. The frenzy of his impetuous spirit was instantly assuaged by the readiness of Lucy's assent; and he was now as calm as when he first entered the cottage. 'We part now,' he said, as he led her towards the door—'soon to meet again. Give me this token of our betrothing, Lucy, and I will give you this.' He drew an antique gold ring from Lucy's finger, which he put into his bosom; and gave her in return an old gold coin, which had hung round his neck since infancy. And...impressing another kiss upon her lips, he rushed out of the cottage, leaving Lucy to watch his lessening form, as he ascended the hill-side in the gathering darkness.

Cynric pursued his way in loneliness and gloom. He had parted from Lucy—perchance...for ever, and was, at that moment, bent upon an adventure, which might end in bloodshed and murder. Lucy was right when she said that he was leagued with fearful men. He was, indeed, connected with a gang of smugglers, whose daring exploits held the inhabitants of the hills in terror, from Aberddowen to Aberdovey,—a wild upland tract extending several miles on the south-east coast of Merioneth-shire. It was to meet these lawless men that he was now hastening; for they had fixed upon that night to run a valuable cargo of spirits. Cynric's acquaintance with these men had been of long standing; and he had frequently connived at their illicit dealings, by allowing them the occasional use of his uncle's barns and outhouses; & it was rumoured among the peasantry, that he had actually been out with them on more than one perilous expedition. It is very certain that he was exceedingly attached to all marine exercises, and it was a strong trait in his character, that he delighted to sail about the beautiful river Maw, in stormy weather. In spring tides, as soon as there was sufficient water to lift the little skiff, which belonged to his uncle; and, when the wind was blowing hard off the land, alone and unaided, he would seek the middle of the river, and there buffet the breeze in all the daring hardihood of his daring nature; tacking about, and sporting hither and thither in imitation of the swift and buoyant circlings of the sea-birds by which he was surrounded. In all the mysteries of boating, 'Wild Cynric,' as he was called, was an especial adept; and at Barmouth, when the hardy fishermen of that little port were afraid to venture out, he has gone over the Bar, and back again, des-

pite their anxious endeavours to restrain him.

It is probable that Cynric's acquaintance with the smugglers would never have ripened into a closer intimacy, but for the unfortunate affair at Duffryn: or some other wild adventure, which would have driven him into concealment. As soon as he knew that there was a warrant out against him, rather than implicate his comrades in the fray, he fled at once to claim the protection of those whom he had himself so often befriended: and this he did the more hastily, in consequence of a quarrel he had recently had with his uncle, respecting Lucy. He was, as may be expected, received with open arms by the gang, who sympathised very cordially in his misfortunes, emphatically imprecated his prosecutors, and very heartily wished all magistrates and their minions at the devil.

The place of rendezvous, on the present occasion, was in a wild ravine, just below that most wretched of all wretched hamlets...Llwyngwril, and about six miles from Garthmeilan. This was a noted haunt of the gang: but it was so inaccessible, that there they were always secure. The ravine ran up from the water's edge between two lofty and rugged ridges of rock, terminating at the base of a very abrupt and lofty cliff, round which wound a path so narrow, that none but a goat, or a practised cragsman could safely tread it. At high water the tide ran up the ravine to a considerable extent; and a broad ledge of rock on each side served as a very convenient quay for the purposes of the smugglers. Nature still farther contributed to their convenience by the formation of a natural cave or hollow in the rock on one side of the ravine, which no great labor enlarged, so that it constituted a habitation, and a storehouse admirably calculated for its lawless occupants.

There was a wild beauty in this lonely spot, on the night to which we have referred. As the night advanced, the tide rapidly increased; and with it the wind arose, at first moaning plaintively among the rocks, and then rushing in swift gusts up the ravine, and dashing the foaming breakers against its rugged boundaries. The smugglers had lighted torches, the bickering flames of which, as they were blown about by the wind, cast a fitful and lurid glare upon the uncouth forms that were moving about by the waterside. At the mouth of the cave, which was just beyond the high water mark, they had kindled a bonfire of brushwood and gorse, and this crackled & blazed, as it was fanned by the night wind, which sent the flame higher and stronger as the fuel became more extensively kindled. The vessel, a small schooner called 'The Kite,' was moored as high up the ravine as the water would allow with her cargo on board, and every thing ready for sailing at a moment's notice; and the cracking of her timbers, mingled with the screams of the cormorants and sea-gulls, did not detract aught from the wildness of the scene.

The anxiety for Cynric's arrival was increased as the hour of embarkation drew near. Already was the tide at the full, before he was seen slowly descending the path which led from the hills to the defile; and no sooner had they caught a glimpse of his darkened figure, than the vessel was instantly manned, and in less than five minutes, Cynric and his crew being all on board, she was under weigh, with all her canvass crowded, and right before the wind, sending the spray from her bows, as she bounded through the waves, in a shower of liquid silver.

(To be continued.)

STEAM NAVIGATION OF THE ATLANTIC.

We have at length succeeded in obtaining particulars of the project, so long entertained and so often adverted to in the English papers of establishing a line of steam packets between the North American continent and Great Britain. The company is formed by the appointment of patrons and directors—the number of the first being eleven and of the latter nineteen, with power to increase. The capital is two millions of pounds sterling, in shares of fifty pounds each. The first patron is Lord Mulgrave lord lieutenant of Ireland, and the Marquis of Lansdown is another. The other nine are noblemen. The bankers are the bank of Ireland, the Provincial bank of Ireland, Ladbroke & Co of London, the Northern and central bank of England, and Messrs. Atwood of Birmingham. A charter has been obtained from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and has been transmitted to London for his majesty's sign manual which will be affixed as soon as the subscription shall have been to a reasonable extent filled up.

The most eligible port on the West coast of Ireland has been selected for a

steam packet station, viz: Biturbay Bay, in the county of Galway from whence it is proposed to carry a railroad in a direct line through Athlone to Dublin. The distance is only 110 miles, and the line of country presents unusual facilities for the formation of a railroad, the country being level and containing abundance of materials necessary for the construction of the work. The average inclination throughout the without whole line is 1 in 672, and is without great embankments or deep cuttings and will be entirely free from tunnels and viaducts.

The directors announce that they have an offer of as much land as will suffice for twenty miles of the railroad, the ground requisite for whatever docks and stores, 100 acres of building ground on the margin of Biturbay Bay, for ever at a pepper corn rent and likewise the unanimous approval of the land owners along the line.

Proprietors of five shares will be entitled to a free passage in the company's vessels between Dublin and Liverpool, proprietors of fifteen shares to a free passage on the railroad, proprietors of thirty shares to a free passage between America and Biturbay, and proprietors of ten shares will be entitled to a reduction of ten per cent, on the current freights by the steam vessels, and the charge for the carriage of goods by the railroad.

Ten thousand shares have been reserved, by special agreement, for this country.

Subscribers will not be liable for more than a deposit of £1 per share (which must be paid on the allocation of the shares) until the act of parliament for constructing the railroad is obtained; nor will they afterwards be responsible for more than the amount of their respective shares, which will be called for by instalments, not exceeding £5. per share at any one time, and at intervals of not less than two months between each call.—N. Y. Com. Ad.

Character of the British Government.

The conduct of the house of assembly of Upper and Lower Canada, in twice rejecting or refusing to act upon the conciliatory efforts of the British Government to 'preserve peace, restore harmony, and perpetuate good-will' in the province, offers a strong contrast to the conduct of the American Government, which speedily availed itself of a similar effort on the part of Britain, to preserve peace between France and the United States. The abuse which has been heaped upon the British Government in both assemblies, contrasts singularly with the character of that Government as given by the President of the United States in his Message to Congress, on the 22d, February last.

In the letter of the 3d February, 1836, addressed to the British Charge d'Affaires at Washington, the secretary of State of the United States says,—"The pacific policy of his Britannic Majesty's Government, and the peaceful dispositions arising among nations, are worthy of the character and commanding influence of Great Britain; and the success of these efforts is as honourable to the Government by whose instrumentality, it was secured, as it has been beneficial to the parties more immediately interested, and to the world at large. The sentiments upon which this policy is founded, and which are so forcibly displayed in the offer that has been made, are deeply impressed upon the mind of the President. They are congenial with the institutions and principles, as well as with the interests and habits, of the people of the United States, and it has been the constant aim of their Government, in its conduct towards other powers, to observe and illustrate them. Cordially approving the general views of his Britannic Majesty's Government, the president regards with peculiar satisfaction the enlightened and disinterested solicitude manifested by it, for the welfare of the nation to whom its good offices are now tendered, and has seen with great sensibility, in the exhibition of that feeling, the recognition of that community of interests and those ties of kindred, by which the United States and Great Britain are united." And in his letter of the 16th February, Mr. Forsyth says,—"The president has further instructed the undersigned to express to his Britannic Majesty's government, his sensibility at the anxious desire it has displayed to preserve the relation of peace between the United States and France, and the exertions it was prepared to make to effectuate that object, so essential to the prosperity and congenial to the wishes of the two nations, and to the repose of the world. Leaving his Majesty's Government to the consciousness of the elevated motives which governed its conduct, and to the universal respect which must be secured to it, the President is satisfied that no expression, however strong of his own feelings can be appropriately used, which could add to the gratification afforded to his Majesty's Government at being the channel of communication to preserve peace, and restore good will, between differing nations each of whom is its friend." Such is the character which the British Government has acquired, for its elevated, disinterested and conciliatory conduct among foreign nations, and particularly among the free and enlightened people of the United States of America, who are indeed proud of 'the community of interest and those ties of kindred' which unite them with Great Britain. How happens it then, that in the Canadian case a different character is given of the British Government, and all its beneficent attempts to promote the peace, welfare and good government of their inhabitants, frustrated? The conclusion is inevitable; either there

must be traitorous disaffection among the leaders of the assembly, or they are so much under the influence of passion and prejudice, as not to be able to discern the truth: for it cannot be supposed that they really intend to injure the people by whom they are elected.—Quebec Gazette.

United States Senate, March 23rd.—Mr. Davis presented some resolutions, adopted by the Legislature of Massachusetts, concerning the claim set up by Great Britain to lands in Maine, which were the joint property of Maine and Massachusetts and praying Congress to adopt some measures for the settlement of the North Eastern boundary. Mr. Davis explained that there was a large tract of uncultivated lands which, on the separation of Maine from Massachusetts, it was agreed, should be the joint property of the two States, and it had so remained up to this day. The claim set up by Great Britain, under the Boundary question, takes away a great part of the State of Maine, perhaps one third, and disturbs the possession of this joint property. The Legislature of Massachusetts, were desirous that the United States should persist in their views as to the Boundary line; and if it should be found that these views could not be carried out, that the Boundary line should, at any rate be fixed, so that the settlement of the country may not be retarded, and the sanctity of property be enforced. The lands to which the resolution refers, are not of that sterile and unprofitable character which they have been represented to be. They abound in that soft pine which is so valuable as finishing lumber; and which is not to be found in sufficient quantity to meet the demands in the markets in any other part of the Union. This tree grows in the valley of the Connecticut, but it has in a great degree disappeared, as that part of the country became more thickly settled. It was also to be found in the valley of the Susquehanna; but from that region also it was rapidly disappearing. The country in other respects, was well adapted to agricultural labour, and held out strong inducements to the agriculturalist. He disclaimed any intention to cast a censure on either the British Government or that of the United States, but stated, that it was deemed very important by the States concerned, that they should understand what their rights were, and how they might best be secured. He moved a reference of the resolutions to the committee on Foreign affairs.

Mr. Shepley made some remarks, but, as it was too generally the case, they were so delivered as to be inaudible in any part of the gallery.

Mr. Davis made a short reply, when Mr. Clay said he did not see that any useful or practical results could flow from such a reference; and, to give time to consider how the resolutions might be most profitably disposed of, moved to lay them on the table and print them, which was agreed to.

From the New Yorker.

WASHINGTON, March 23, 1836.

To-day a council has been held with the Indian Chiefs—Ottawas and Chippewas—of whom I gave you some account in my last. The scene was full of interest, and at the same time full of those exhibitions of matter and manner that almost uniformly distinguish those occasions. The meeting was for the forming of a treaty of cession relative to certain lands among these tribes.

On entering the public hall where it was held, I found myself in an atmosphere of strong tobacco smoke; and through the fumes, away in the extremity of the chamber, were seated, on benches and on the floor, Chiefs of all ages, dress, bearing and intelligence. There were soon collected about fifteen Chippewas with twenty-five Ottawas. The former were the nobler looking men. Some one or two had faces almost as well cut as Napoleon's while some of the Ottawas were 'old and withered in their attire' to the letter, and seemed more like a wearied and worn race by far than their brothers. A Chippewa now entered, leading a white man, perfectly blind. This was the interpreter. He ranged himself at a long table with certain agents of the Government; which a young Indian... to whom I was introduced, and who appeared at once genteel and intelligent... seated himself at the end of it, to all appearance as a scribe. He is a priest, and in the dress of an English gentleman. He talks English with full facility, and was educated at Rome.

The interchange now commenced. An old warrior, with a head to charm and puzzle phenologists, approached the table and shook the hands of the agents and interpreter. He was then informed of the object of the meeting, in his own language, and replied with emphasis and gesture. As he took his seat, a younger chief came forward, and addressed the table with great rapidity, animation, and power. He had painted his face, to give effect to his appearance. It was wonderful to see the ease with which he answered every question, and presented his own case: and as his language was interrupted, he was not only bold but beautiful in his words, and truly poetical in his ideas. I know not that there was an instant's hesitation; and when the speaker passed from language to the pen, with which to trace lines upon the plan that lay before the council, he used it with the adroitness and familiarity of an old engineer.

The calumet was now lighted and passed from mouth to mouth, every man drawing a puff or two of his blessed tobacco—

of which, I may as well tell you, a half keg reposed in one corner of the hall... to be distributed, no doubt, among the chiefs, when the council breaks up. Had not the question been about their lands, I doubt whether this black weed would have remained in that corner as quietly as it did.

A half-breed then addressed the assembly, with great fluency and decision; I never before listened to Indian chiefs; and I can truly say that I was surprised at the melody and richness of its intonations. It was full, free, spirited, harmonious, and, I question not far more musical to those to whom it is the mother tongue than the English can ever be made to be.

At noon, the council was adjourned till to-morrow.—Every chief then approached and gave a single downward shake of the hand to their fathers at the table; after which they filed out of the hall.

The whole exhibition was as good as could have been had by a pilgrimage to the forest; and I shall not soon forget the aboriginal character of the scene, when I recall the heaped dress—the fancy hood—the scarlet belt—the pipe—and the hawk's feather.

HAROLD.

The New York Herald of the 11th instant, contains an account of the following most atrocious murder:—

Our city was disgraced yesterday by one of the most foul and premeditated murders, that ever fell to our lot to record. The following are the circumstances as ascertained on the spot.

Richard P. Robinson, the alleged perpetrator of this most horrid deed, had for some time been in the habit of keeping (as it is termed) a girl named Ellen Jewett, who has for a long period resided at No. 41 Thomas street, in the house kept by Rosina Townsend.

Having, as he suspected, some cause for jealousy, he went to the house on Saturday night as appears, with the intention of murdering her, for he carried a hatchet with him. On going up into her room, quite late at night, he mentioned his suspicions, and expressed a determination to quit her, and demanded his watch and miniature together with some letters which were in her possession. She refused to give them up, and he then drew from beneath his cloak the hatchet, and inflicted upon her head three blows, either of which must have proved fatal, as the bone was cleft to the extent of three inches in each place.

She died without a struggle; and the cold blooded villain deliberately threw on his cloak, cast the lifeless body upon the bed and set fire to that. He then ran down stairs unperceived by any person, went out of the back door and escaped in that manner.

In a short time Mrs. Townsend was aroused by the smell of smoke... she rushed up stairs and saw the bed on fire and the mangled body of the unfortunate girl upon it. She ran down, raised the alarm and the watchmen rushing to the spot rescued the body and preserved the house from being consumed.

Robinson's cloak was in the room, and at once they suspected the murderer.

Ellen Jewett, was a finely formed, and most beautiful girl—a girl about twenty years of age, and endowed by nature and education, with talents and accomplishments which should have saved her from her ignominious situation.

FARTHER PARTICULARS.

Great excitement was occasioned yesterday by a murder which had been committed at the boarding house of Mrs. Townsend, who occupied a three story house, No. 41 Thomas-street, near Hudson-street, on the body of Miss Ellen Jewett. The circumstances as we have heard them are as follows:

Miss Jewett had been for some time the kept mistress of Francis P. Robinson, clerk in a respectable mercantile house in Maiden lane, who it appears, from some unknown cause, became jealous, and demanded of her a miniature likeness of himself, which he had presented to her, and also some correspondence that had passed between them, which she refused to give up. Nothing, however, occurred to lead to a supposition that any violence was intended.

On Saturday night Robinson visited the house at the usual hour, and remained with her until three o'clock on Sunday morning, when he was heard by those sleeping in the lower part of the house to come down stairs, and finding the front door locked, he called out to the family to let him out; he immediately thereafter went to the back door, unbolted it, and in the act of climbing over the fence, his cloak was caught by a nail, torn from his shoulders, and left on the fence, with a sharp hatchet tied to its tassels, where it was found in the morning.

A short time after he left, the inmates were alarmed by a dense smoke which filled the house, almost to suffocation. On going up stairs, into the room of the unfortunate girl, the smoke was found to proceed from her bed, which was on fire, and on which lay her dead body; her head mangled in a shocking manner, three deep wounds having been inflicted on her temple and forehead.

Suspicion immediately rested on Robinson, who was arrested about eight o'clock, at his boarding house in Dey street, and conducted by the officers to Thomas-street, where the murder was committed, & where the coroner's jury was sitting over the dead body.

The following is the verdict of the coroner's jury:

'It is the opinion of the jury, from the

evidence before them, that the said Helen Jewett came to her death by a blow or blows inflicted on the head with a hatchet by the hand of Richard P. Robinson.'

After leaving Thomas-street, Robinson went to his boarding house, No. 42 Dey-street, kept by Mrs. Moulton, where he was arrested as above stated.—He is a youth of about nineteen, of prepossessing appearance, and has hitherto borne an unimpeachable character. He was in the employ of J. Hoxie, Esq. as clerk, who speaks of his conduct during the two years he resided with him in the most exalted terms. He is from Connecticut, and is of respectable connexions. The unfortunate woman is said to be a native of Connecticut.

The following is from the Times:—

Among the witnesses examined by the coroner, was Robinson's room-mate, who deposed that he went to bed about 9 o'clock and fell asleep; and that waking up in the course of the night, he found Robinson in bed. He asked Robinson how long he had been home, and was told by him that he came home about half past eleven. The cloak found was not identified as belonging to Robinson, nor as the one he wore on the preceding night; but on being shown to his room-mate, the latter, with much agitation, acknowledged that he knew the cloak, and had seen Robinson wear it.

While Robinson was dressing himself, Mr. Brink noticed that his pantaloons were much covered with whitewash; and on examination it proved that one side of one of the fences, which he must have climbed before dropping his cloak, was whitewashed. It is a source of very great regret, that the proofs against young Robinson as the perpetrator of this, one of the most cold-blooded and cruel murders and arsons ever perpetrated in this city, are so fearfully strong, as to warrant the direct charge by a coroner's jury, and scarcely leave a loop to hang a doubt upon that it was the work of his hand. The deceased was a woman of extraordinary beauty, intelligence, and accomplishments, for one in her sphere of life, and is represented to have been uncommonly high minded and spirited.

From the N. Y. Transcript.

THE FALL OF BEXAR,

The entire of the troops in Garrison, put to death—Colonels Crockett and Bowie killed.—We are indebted to a gentleman, passenger on board the steamer Levant, from Natchitoches, for the annexed letter giving the particulars of the fall of Bexar—it is a copy of one addressed to the editor of the Red River Herald:

'Sir—Bexar has fallen! Its garrison was only 187 strong, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel W. Travis. After standing repeated attacks for two weeks, and an almost constant cannonade and bombardment during that time the last attack was made on the morning of the 6th instant, by upwards of 2000 men, under the command of Santa Anna in person: they carried the place about sunrise with the loss of 520 men killed, and about the same number wounded. After about an hour's fighting the whole garrison were put to death, (save the sick and wounded and seven men who asked for quarter.) All fought desperately, until entirely cut down; the rest were coolly murdered.

The brave and gallant Travers, to prevent his falling into the hands of the enemy shot himself. Not an individual, has escaped, and the news is only known to us by a citizen of Bexar, who came to our army at Gonzales—but from the cessation of Travis' signal guns, there is no doubt of its truth. The declaration of independence you have, no doubt, received, and you will, in a few days, receive the constitution proposed by the republic.

Cols. James Bowie and David Crockett, are among the slain—the first was murdered in his bed, to which he had been confined by illness—the latter fell fighting like a tiger. The Mexican army is estimated at 8000 men; it may be more or less.

N. BRISCOE.

Further particulars.—We learn by the passengers of the schooner Camanche, eight days from the Brazos River, that the war in Texas has at length assumed a serious character. Many of those who left this city determined to lay down their lives in the cause of Texas, have bravely yielded them up at Bexar.

On the 25th Feb., the Texian Garrison in Bexar 150 men only, commanded by Lieut. Colonel W. B. Travis, was attacked by the advanced division of Santa Anna's army of about 2000 men, when the enemy were repulsed with the loss of many killed and wounded, variously estimated from 450 to 600, without the loss of a man of the garrison.

The great slaughter was ascribed to the fact that every man of the garrison had about eight guns loaded by his side. About the same time, Colonel Johnson, while reconnoitering to the westward of San Antonio, with a party of seventy men, were surrounded in the night by a large body of Mexican troops. In the morning the commander sent in a summons to surrender as prisoners of war. This was acceded to by the Mexican officer, but no sooner had the Texans marched out of their encampment and stacked their arms, than a general fire was opened upon them by the whole Mexican force, when the prisoners endeavoured to escape—three only of whom effected it, among them was Col. Johnson and one man who had been wounded.

On the 6th of March, about midnight, the Alamo was assaulted by the entire force of the Mexican army, commanded by Santa Anna in person. The Texans fought desperately until daylight, when seven on-

ly of the garrison were found alive. We regret to say that Col. Crockett and his companion Mr. Benton, also the gallant Col. Benham of South Carolina, were of the number who cried for quarter, but were told there was no mercy for them. They then continued fighting until the whole were butchered. Gen. Bowie was murdered in his bed sick and helpless.

The bodies of the slain were thrown into a heap in the centre of the Alamo and burned. On General Bowie's body being brought out, General Cos said that he was too brave a man to be burned like a dog; then added, *pew no es cosa eschade*—never mind, throw him in. The loss of the Mexicans in storming the place was estimated at not less than 1000 killed and mortally wounded, and as many more disabled—making, with their loss in the first assault, between 2000 and 3000 killed and wounded. Immediately after the capture of the place, General Santa Anna sent a Mrs. Dickinson and Colonel Travis's servant to General Houston's camp accompanied by a Mexican with a flag, who was bearer of a note from Santa Anna, offering the Texans peace & a general amnesty if they would lay down their arms and submit to his government. General Houston's reply was, 'True, sir, you have succeeded in killing some of our brave men, but the Texans are not yet whipped.' The effect of the fall of Bexar throughout Texas was electric. Every man who could use a rifle, and was in a condition to take the field, marched forward to the scene of war. It was believed that not less than 4000 rifles were on their way to the army when the Camanche sailed, to wreak their vengeance on the Mexicans, and determined to grant no quarter.

General Houston had burnt Gonzales, and fallen back on the Colorado with about 1000 men.

Colonel Fannin was in the fort at Goliad a very strong position, well supplied with munitions and provisions, from 400 to 500 men.

The General determination of the people of Texas seemed to be to abandon all the occupations and pursuits of peace, and continue in arms until every Mexican east of the Rio del Norte should be exterminated.—*Lou. Jour.*

Taxation.—We of the United States are unquestionably the freest, the wisest, the greatest, the purest and the most sensible people inhabiting any equal amount of territory on the face of this globe. We are so—but we are the most taxed... the most humbugged—the most trifled with at the same time. What country in the old world would dare to continue high taxes on almost every article of life when the treasury was running over—and no one knew what to do with the surplus? Such a reckless, useless, imprudent piece of conduct would cost any king in Europe his head.

But not so in this country. The surplus revenue is accumulating faster than a debt during a war, yet scarcely any body feels dissatisfied... no one asks why the taxes are kept up. In England, with a debt of nearly 4,000,000,000 of dollars, they have reduced the taxes one half... newspapers are postage free... and almost every necessary of life is less burdened than in the United States. Look at the list of articles taxed under the laws of Congress. The poor must pay a tax of 30 per cent on the blankets that cover them from the cold... the seamstress that aspires to a leghorn, must pay 29½ per cent—the poor widow that wants a cap, must launch out her 30 per cent—the dancing master pays 29 per cent for his violin... the young lady must get her papa to pay 29 per cent, before she can play Yankee Doodle. Every thing comes in the shape of a tax—tax—tax. Is it not astonishing that the people will submit to such constant impositions! What causes the present disturbed state of the country? Nothing but the constant drain of money from the pockets of the people in the shape of taxes when the treasury is running over, and the government is actually put to its trumps to know what to do with it.—N. Y. Herald.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

JAMES DUNN vs. PETER McDUGAL.

On Saturday last, this action which was for maliciously arresting the Plaintiff, for the sum of £153, upon an affidavit by defendant of the debt, of his being apprehensive that the Plaintiff would leave the province without satisfying the same, and that he did not sue out the process through any vexation or malicious motive, was tried before the hon. Mr. Justice McCaulay in the court of Assize; and a verdict was rendered for the Plaintiff and the action was brought to recover damages, on the ground that the defendant had no reasonable cause, for apprehending that the Plaintiff would leave the Province without satisfying the debt. This is the first cause, ever tried in the Home District, and we believe in the Province, and will, we hope have the effect of deterring creditors, in future, from harassing unfortunate debtors, by vexatious arrests. It is generally believed that nine of such arrests out of ten are founded upon perjury. The learned Judge in charging the jury on the same day and in a similar case *Turton vs. Wilson*, in which also the Plaintiff succeeded, remarked, that a person leaving the province on business or pleasure did not come within the spirit or meaning of the act authorizing arrest, unless it could be proved there was reason to believe that he had no intention of returning.

Counsel for Plaintiff Messrs. Solicitor

POETRY.

From the Connecticut Mirror. HOMEWARD BOUND.

On! on! thou eagle pinioned bark,
Haste on thy watery way!
Thou'lt meet the tempest wild and dark
For many a weary day,
For many a day, and many a night,
Thou'lt plough the billow deep,
Or o'er the crested waves, in light
Majestic beauty sweep.

Spread, spread abroad thy glorious wings,
And court each wandering breeze,
That aye, to meet thy wooing, springs,
Thou daughter of the seas!
They come! they come! the wak'ning gales,
Their eager kiss I feel,
Lo! with their full tide swell thy sails,
And dies thy sparkling keel!

Onward! thou gallant ship! nor fear
The raving tempest's wrath—
Outbrave it all, and boldly steer
Right on thy homeward path!
I long to hear the ocean's foam
Dash on my native strand;
I long to breathe the gales that come
From my own father land!

I long to roam the verdant hills,
To climb the rock-built mountains;
I long to chase the sportive rills,
The bubbles from the fountains;
For still, though years upon my brow
A manlier shade have hung,
My heart's warm currents briskly flow,
And still my soul is young.

I long, oh! how I long to see
The elm o'ershadow'd cot;
Of all this clouded world to me
The only sunny spot.
My home! how sweet the sound! my home!
Scene of my Eden hours—
Where Love, and Joy, and Pleasure bloom!
Life's bright perennial flower.

THE ONE-ARMED TAR. (concluded.)

'Well,' continued he, 'I canna engage ye by the run, but by the month; and I see no gain to ask ye, if ye can hand, reef and steer, and splice a rope, and them land lubberish sort o' questions. But only I maun tell ye when ye are at the helm, —if the watch sing out 'ship a-head!' dinna ye mind a pin; but if the other doesn't ship about, run right athwart the lubber's hawse, and learn him better manners.—That's war w'ye o' deen'. Let him know it was his duty to stand clear o' a fire-ship.—But I say, are ye a gud writer?'

'Rather good,' says I.
'Shiver me,' said he, 'then yur just the chap for me! I want a bit o' letter here for a sweetheart o' mine man, but smash me! I can't flourish it off at all. Try thy fist at it mate. Maybe ye can dee a bit at the inditing tee,—for ye see she's been at the boarding-school; and drat me! though I can manage the spelling pretty hobbling, wi' looking at the Dictioner for the words, yet I know nought about their grammar. Now, I say, if ye understand it, gie her a gud deal o' grammar in't. That's the way to dee their business! Conscience! I had my father kept me another year at the school, I would married a duchess.'

I now entered upon the honorable office of confidential secretary to the skipper of a collier. On finishing the letter I read it to him, and on hearing it, he danced round the cabin in ecstasy, exclaiming—'Blow me if that winna dee, nought will. I say, if ye turn out as good a seaman as ye are a scholar, I will make ye my mate, and that's all.'

I thus became a favorite with the skipper from the first, and not being a bad-natured fellow,—though I say it myself,—I soon became a favorite with the crew also. I sailed in the collier during three years, and in that time I had obtained the forgiveness of my mother,—but the countenance of my grandfather never. He cut me off as a prodigal.

But there was one night that about half-a-dozen of us were upon the lark, as we called it,—battling the watchmen and seeing life in London, and upon the whole making more mirth than mischief, when, as luck would have it, we run foul of a press-gang upon Tower Hill. 'What cheer my hearties?' cried Luff who headed the gang. Some of our party took to their heels; but I stood still, for I didn't care a toss up of a copper about the matter. I was just as willing to serve the king as another man, if he would pay me for it. So I surrendered at discretion, and the lieutenant called me 'a fine fellow' for so doing. 'Ah you old shark!' thinks I, 'your purser's grin won't gammon Tom Moffat.'

One of my mates who attempted to run was brought back, and from my heart I was sorry for him, for he had a wife and four little ones, and I suppose they might sink or swim, live or starve, for all that the service into which he was impressed would see, say, or care about the matter. Confound me! after all, impressment is too bad. It's a black shame to the navy. It has broken more hearts than ever it made heroes. Why drag away a man like a dog at a cart-tail against his will? Again I say it is a shame all over! Why not give better pay, and clear the decks for promotion. Then they would get men—good men, willing men, and the navy would be what it ought to be. I can't away with impressment.

However, I was taken on board the tender in the river, and in three or four days joined a seventy-four off Portsmouth. I liked the service well enough, for our Captain was the very model of what an officer ought to be. He was none of your fresh water, courtly puppies, who are sent to officer the navy because their fathers or their mothers are doing dirty work for the government people on shore. He was none of your butterflies recommended by a lord of the Admiralty, and promoted over the heads of better men because their relations

have court influence. This system is as bad as impressment every whit. It takes away both heart and hope from a man. Is it not hard for a brave fellow who has been a lieutenant for ten years, and been in twelve actions, and behaved nobly in all, to have to lift his hat to a puppy to-day as his superior officer, who was a middy beneath him yesterday? I say it is a shame. Fair play is a jewel, and there should be no promotion but what service and merit procure. But I do say that my old commander was a man every inch of him—he is getting well up the list now, and I hope to live to see him an admiral.

I had a little library on board the collier, and amongst my books, which my old skipper brought on board the tender to me himself, was a copy of the Iliad—not Pope's translation, but the original. It was my favorite book. My ship-mates marvelled at it, they regarded me as a sort of prodigy, and swore I would be a Post-captain some day, and they were wont to look over my shoulder as I read, and point with their finger to a particular word or letter, and inquire—'Tom, what does that mean?'... or, 'what does that stand for?' and replying when I answered them—'Blow me but that's funny!'

At length they began to call me 'Greek Tom!' and the name coming to the Captain's ears, he inquired the meaning of it, and upon being informed, he sent for me aft, and says he—'Moffat, what's this I hear of you—you a Greek scholar, eh?'

'Yes, your honor,' says I.
'The deuce you are!' said he, and he began to put some questions to me, which he found I was more able to answer than he was to ask.

'Well my good fellow,' he continued, 'you are out of your proper sphere at present, that's all that I can say.' And he began to ask me about my history and relations, and I told him every thing, not even omitting my trip to America and the loss of my grandfather's watch. 'Well I must see what I can do for you,' said he, and at first he made me a sort of school master on board, and afterwards his clerk or secretary, he treated me like a brother.

We had been in two or three actions, and had had a fair run of prizes, when we were sent upon the American station. We were lying off Newbury Port, which is about a hundred miles from Boston, and I went ashore for letters. I reached the post-office, and as I tapped at the window, and the tin pane was withdrawn—eyes and limbs!—whose face—I say whose face d'ye think I should see, but that of my own sweet and never-forgotten Margaret Lindsay! It was like a pistol-shot in my heart—I was more dead than alive; and she—why she fell back with a scream, and her father rushed into the office, and again to the door to see what had alarmed his daughter. He beheld me as much alarmed as he, but he knew me in a twinkling. He took my hand, and led me into the house. What passed I won't tell you. I found Margaret was not married, but she was more beautiful than ever. We didn't speak much, but our eyes said a thousand things.

On going on board I told my commander all that had happened. He was indeed a good soul, and a considerate one. He saw which way the land lay with me; and as we were cruising upon the station, and Newbury Port was a sort of rendezvous, he gave me permission to remain a month on shore. I blessed him in my heart, and I could have embraced his knees.

My mother had been dead for several years—my pay was more than I required...I had nobody to assist out of my prize-money, so that I had saved a trifle. I went ashore, therefore, to spend a month with Margaret, with my pockets pretty comfortably lined. Why the month was like a dream—it was like sailing round a romantic coast in fine weather. But before three weeks of it had passed, I prevailed on Margaret to accompany me to the church, and we became man and wife, and her father offered no objections.

I found it hard to part with her, and at her entreaty I would have given up the sea, but then I was in prospect of being made sailing-master, and that was what I call having my bread baked for life.

But not to spin my yarn too long nor too fine, some months after my marriage we were ordered upon another station, and a little before the orders arrived, a letter from my wife informed me that I was about to become a father. I longed to return to her, to fling my arms around her neck, and to kiss the cheek of our little one. But fate had ordered it otherwise. We left the station, and we attacked one of the French islands in the West Indies. Two boats' crews of us went ashore to storm one of their batteries. We had already made a sort of breach, and I was resolved to be one of the first to mount it, for I was determined to obtain my promotion to the rank of sailing-master if any thing in my power could do it. I was the first, and I believe the only one. I was surrounded, wounded, made prisoner, and for seven years I was shut up in a French prison, without hearing of either my wife or child, and very little of my country, or how the game went on.

At length a change of prisoners took place, and I was one of them. On the first day of my liberty I wrote to my wife, and I wrote also to my old commander. Within six months I received an appointment as sailing-master, but months and months passed on, and I heard not a syllable concerning my wife. It made me miserable, and my promotion couldn't cheer me. I left no stone unturned to discover where she was, or whether she was dead or living; but it was of no effect. Nothing

could I hear concerning her; and many a tear have I shed upon the deep sea, and at the dead of night, for her sake.

Such was the state of suspense I was in for eleven years after my promotion as sailing-master. About that time our vessel had a turn up with a French ship of the line and a frigate, and at the very close of the action, when one of them in fact had struck her colors, a shot carried away my right arm. But as I told you, I have a pension for it. But it soon healed, and I quitted the service. I went to America, and to Newbury Port to inquire after my wife, (my child, if I had one,) and her parents. And there, all that I could learn was, that her father had died fifteen years ago, & that his wife with an infant daughter had gone to England. I re-crossed the Atlantic in the first vessel I could find. I determined to search for her through every town and village in the three kingdoms. On landing I found that my old commander was also on shore. He felt for me, and he did every thing in his power to assist me, and we got paragraphs setting forth all the particulars inserted into all the newspapers, & they were copied into the papers throughout the country.—What could I do more.

Well, about two months after I had been in England, a dejected but beautiful young creature, with a child in her arms, came to my lodgings and inquired for me.

Heaven and earth! how I startled! how I trembled;—how my heart throbbed, when I gazed upon her countenance, for it bore the engraven lineaments of my wife. Scarce could I speak to her. A tide of feelings swelled in my bosom as though my heart would burst. I thought...I feared a thousand things in a moment.

She wept; she told me that she had heard of my paragraph in the newspapers. That the circumstance related seemed to connect her with me,—that her father's name was Moffat,—that he had married her mother at Newbury Port, and other things she stated which the newspapers mentioned. 'God bless thee my child! my lost one!' cried I, and I flung my arms around the neck of the poor weeping and forlorn being. Her cheeks bespoke want, and her eyes misery. I ordered wine. I seated her on a sofa beside me. I took her child in my arm and I kissed it, but I saw the agony that was heaving in my daughter's breast, and I feared to ask her concerning its father. I saw that all was not right. 'And where is thy mother love?' said I—'Oh, does she live?'

'Yes! yes!—she lives!—she lives!' sobbed my poor child, and placed her hands before her face and wept bitterly. 'She lives!—she lives!' she repeated, 'but I cannot meet my dear mother again.'

'My Margaret then lives!' said I, 'thank Heaven. But weep not my own child—my sweet one do, not weep. I am your father. I will protect you. Tell me your story, and by Heavens! my girl if you have been injured I will avenge your wrongs.'

But she wept more bitterly. I at length learned that my Margaret resided in Scotland, and that my daughter, against her mother's will, had, while a mere girl, married a thoughtless young man, with whom she had come to London, and who had now all but forsaken her.

I desired to know where I might see him, without his knowing who I was; and receiving the information I sought, I found him with a dozen others, thoughtless as himself, at a billiard table. One-armed and left-handed as I was, I played with the best of them, and without discovering my name, I endeavored to ingratiate myself into the good opinion of my hopeful son-in-law, and I succeeded. I found him more thoughtful than depraved. He was not beyond reformation, and I asked him home to sup with me, and the invitation was accepted.

There was a frankness in his manner that gave me hope of him. During supper I endeavored to sail round him; and to cast the anchor of contrition in his heart. Without directly stating my object, or giving him reason to suspect what my intentions were, 'I spoke daggers' to his conscience, 'but I used none'; and when I saw that I had brought him to the right point, like king David before Nathan to pass his own condemnation, I rang the bell, and his wife and child entered the room. But I extended to him my solitary hand in forgiveness, and gave him a father's greeting. My scheme succeeded, and from that day until this he has been a husband of whom my daughter has had no cause to be ashamed.

But the next day we all took our passage for Scotland, where I was to meet my long-lost Margaret. Every mile of our passage seemed a league, every hour a day. But we landed at Leith, and without stopping there an hour, I hired a coach, and we proceeded to Roxburghshire, where she resided.—It was mid-day, the coach drew up at the door. My daughter and her child were first handed out, then followed her husband, and I heard a scream of joy as my dear wife beheld her child. But she had just reached the door with open arms to welcome her, when I too stepped upon the street. I hurried forward—

'Margaret!' I cried, 'my Margaret!'

'Thomas!—my husband! my husband!' she exclaimed, and flew to meet me. We had been parted for more than nineteen years, but we have never been separated an hour from that day until this. We are as contented as the summer day is long—and once for all I say, I am as happy as any two-handed man in his Majesty's dominions.

American energy.—A merchant from N.

York, was at the London Coffee House, in Ludgatehill, when the news of the great fire which lately occurred in that city, arrived. His premises were totally consumed, and he himself, was in a moment, a ruined man. His plan however, was instantly formed. In fifteen minutes after his eyes had rested on the paper, a chaise and four was at the door, in which he hurried to Dover. Arriving in the night, he hired a steamboat for 75 guineas, which soon landed him at Calais. Thence he hastened with all possible expedition, to Lyons. He reached the city eight hours before the news of the fire, and employed his time in purchasing silk goods, to such an extent, and on such terms as to secure a profit of at least 25,000 pounds, the destruction being principally of French silk, and to so large an amount as to require more than the existing stock at Lyons to make it good.—*London Paper.*

TERMS.

Ten shillings currency per year, payable at the end of six months. If paid in advance 1s. 3d. will be deducted. If delayed to the close of the year 1s. 3d. will be added for every six months delay. Grain and most kinds of produce taken in payment.

To mail subscribers the postage will be charged in addition. No paper discontinued, except at the discretion of the publishers, until arrears are paid.

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PROSPECTUS

of the *Emigrant & Old Countryman.*

This Journal is devoted to the Domestic and Local intelligence of ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, and WALES.

The origin and the history of the Emigrant and of the Old Countrymen are known to all our readers. The two papers were by mutual agreement of the respective Proprietors united on the 7th of October last, and merged in one journal under the above title. The success so far has been highly flattering, and satisfies all the favourable expectations that were formed. At the period of the junction a great improvement was made, both in matter and manner of getting up, which the Proprietor has every reason to believe has met with the greatest approbation. The editorial management was assigned to A. D. Paterson, Esq., a native of the Old Country, and a gentleman of classical attainments and literary acquirements. His efforts have been crowned with success.

The *Emigrant and Old Countryman* is intended for use of the numerous British residents upon this continent—its details consisting of all the local news of the three Kingdoms; the numerous occurrences in the Mining, Agricultural, and Manufacturing districts, as well as the mighty Metropolis of England. The Internal Improvements, the corporation proceedings of the different towns and cities, remarkable Trials, &c., are faithfully recorded; also the sporting intelligence, state of the Markets, list of Bankrupts and Insolvents, &c. &c., all arranged under distinct heads, and adapted to such British residents in this country as cannot obtain access to the English papers.

The policies of the *Emigrant and Old Countryman* are liberal and impartial, and not warped by any feeling of party spirit whatever. It is published every Wednesday at No. 77 Cedar-street, New York, at Three Dollars per annum payable in advance.

The extensive circulation of the *Emigrant and Old Countryman* among people from the old country, renders it an excellent vehicle for land and other advertisements, conveying information to persons lately arrived in this country.

The new volume commenced on the 6th ult., being the first Wednesday of the month.

The Proprietor and Editor return their hearty thanks to the public for the extraordinary patronage they have received, and pledge themselves that no efforts shall be wanting to render themselves worthy of it. As a proof of the rapidly extending circulation of the united papers, we may state that in the first three months after the junction, say from the 7th of October to the 7th of January, Four hundred and twenty four new subscribers were added.

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